

The Maidens complaint of her Loves inconstancie,
 Shewing it forth in every degree:
 Shee being left as one forlorne,
 With sorrowes shee her selfe to adorne,
 And seemes for to lament and mourne.
 To a delicate new tune.



Ye Dauides and Iudies, and women kind,
 Give eare, and you shall heare my mind,
 Wherein Ile shew most perfectly,
 A false Young-mans inconstancie:
 For which I sigh, and sob, and weepe;
 To see false men no faith can keepe.

I lone where I haue cause to hate,
 Such is my foolish sickle state,
 My time I spend in griefe and woe,
 Which, sure will be my overthrow:
 I sigh, and sob, and then doe weepe,
 For that false men no faith can keepe.

My Love to me both proue untrue,
 And seemes to bid me now adieu:
 O hateful witch, and most unkind,
 To beare so false and wicked mind:
 It makes me sigh, and sob, and weepe,
 To see false men no faith can keepe.

Hee's fled and gone, for which I griene,
 I wish no Maiden him beleue,
 For he with tempting speeches will
 Deceit others now for to beguile:
 That they with me may sigh and weepe,
 And say that men no faith can keepe.

Shall I be hauid that may be free?
 Shall I lone them that love not me?
 Why should I thus seeme to complaine:
 I see I cannot him obtaine.
 Which makes me sob, and sigh, and weep,
 To see that men no faith can keepe.

O shall I weepe, or shall I sing?
 I know not which will sit meking:
 If that I weepe it will breed me paine,
 If that I sing it will ease my baine:
 Therefore Ile sigh, and sob, and weepe,
 To see false men no faith can keepe.

The Jewell's lost, the thiefe is free,
 And I'm wounded in my bed:
 If to repent I should begin,
 They'l say tis as I that let him in:
 Therefore Ile sigh, and sob, and weepe,
 To see false men no faith can keepe.

My mind to him was alwayes true,
 For which I now haue cause to rue:
 Would I had neuer seene his face,
 Nor trode the pathes of Cupids race:
 For now I sigh, and sob, and weepe,
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The second part,

To the same tune.



VVhat say both my bee & I,
That can but live at libertie,
Am not be troubled as I am,
As by my song you understand,
It makes me sigh, and sob, and weepe,
To see false men no faith can keepe.

I cannot take my quiet rest,
To thinke on him that I lov'd best:
Sometimes when I doe thinke to sleepe,
Then thought of him makes me to weepe:
I cannot choose but sigh, and sob,
To thinke of him that doth me rob.

His true indeed he robbeth me,
Of my content and libertie:
My heart can now no comfort find,
So thinke on him that proves unkind:
I cannot chuse but sigh and weepe,
To see false men no faith can keepe.

My head both ake, mine eyes are soze,
And I can find no helpe therfore:
My body's faint, and I am weake,
My tongue is tyed I cannot speake:
Yet still I sigh, and sob, and weepe,
To see that men no faith can keepe.

My daies are short, my life's not long,
I cannot well declare my wrong:
Yet in some part, I here doe shew,
What you the cause hereof may know:
Wherefore I sigh, and sob, and weepe,
To see that men no faith can keepe.

His tempting eyes, and smiling lookes,
Now seeme to me like baited hookes,
Which are but laid for to betray
The fish that's greedy of his prey:
Therefore I sob, and sigh, and weepe,
To see that men no faith can keepe.

When first with me he came in place,
He did me with his armes embrace:
He kiss'd me on't, and swore that he
Would never have no one but me:
Yet now he makes me sob and weepe,
To see that men no faith can keepe.

With words most faire he did intreat,
Untill my favour he did get:
But him uncertaine I doe find,
And changing like the turning wind:
Which makes me sigh, and sob, and weepe,
To see that men no faith can keepe.

He seem'd to beare a faithfull mind,
But he is otherwise inclin'd:
He now doth seeme as strange to me,
I cannot have his companie:
Which makes me sigh, and sob, and weepe,
To see that men no faith can keepe.

This seemes my love to doe me wrong,
Wherefore I here conclude my song:
He never trust false men no more,
Nor doe as I have done before:
For which I sigh, and sob, and weepe,
To see that men no faith can keepe.